

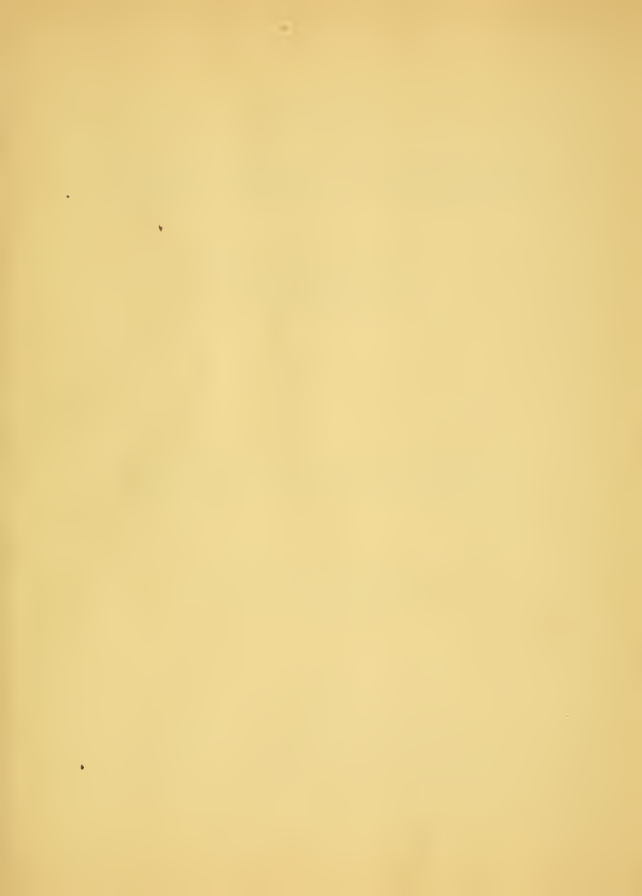
The Late  
Lord Henry Bentinck  
OR  
Foxhounds.

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GOODALL'S PRACTICE.



JOHN A. SEAVERNS





The Late  
Lord Henry Bentinck  
ON  
Foxhounds.

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GOODALL'S PRACTICE.

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THESE NOTES, PROBABLY THE  
MOST VALUABLE EVER PENNED ON  
THEIR SUBJECT, STILL OUTLINE  
THE BEST PRACTICE IN TRAINING,  
HANDLING AND HUNTING HOUNDS.

*At the suggestion of a prominent M.F.H.  
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“Cold, dreary, and chill as the New Year broke over Lincolnshire, there was yet a greater chill at the heart of her hunting men, for as the last hours of 1870 passed away, the spirit of Lord Henry took its flight.”—BAILY'S MAGAZINE, February, 1871.

ON THE 1ST OF MAY, 1859,  
DIED  
WILLIAM GOODALL,  
FOR 17 YEARS HUNTSMAN TO THE  
DUKE OF RUTLAND.



*He Died in the Prime of Life universally  
regretted.*



Lord Henry Bentinck's Remarks  
on the Late  
William Goodall's Method  
with the Belvoir Hounds.

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IN handling his hounds in the open, with a fox before him, he *never* had them rated or driven to him by his whips ; *never* hallooed them from a *distance*. When he wanted them he invariably went himself to *fetch them*, anxiously watching the moment that the hounds had done trying for themselves, and felt the want of him. He then galloped straight up to their heads, caught hold of them, and cast them in a body a

hundred yards *in his front*, every hound busy before him with his nose snuffing the ground, his hackles up, his stern curled over his back, each hound relying on himself and believing in each other. When cast *in this way*, the huntsman learns the exact value of each hound, while the young hounds learn what old hounds too believe in and fly to, and when the scent is taken up no hound is disappointed. When the huntsman trails his hounds behind him, four-fifths of his *best hounds* will be *staring at his horse's tail, doing nothing*.

The hounds came to have such confidence in Goodall, that with a *burning scent* he would cast them in this way at a *hand gallop*, all the hounds in his front making every inch of ground good ; while with a poor scent he would do it in a walk, regulating his pace by

the quality of the scent ; the worse the scent, the more time the hounds want to puzzle it out.

On this system the hounds are got to the required spot in the very *shortest time*, with every hound busily at work, and with his nose tied to the ground.

On the opposite *vulgar* plan, the huntsman galloping off to his fox, hallooing his hounds from a distance, his noise drives the hounds in the first instance to *flash wildly in the opposite direction* ; four or five minutes are lost before the whip can come up and get to their heads, then they are flogged up to their huntsman, the hounds driving along with their heads up, their eyes staring at their huntsman's horse's tail, looking to their huntsman for help, disgusted, and not relying upon themselves, especially the best and most sagacious hounds.

A few minutes more are lost before the best hounds will put their noses down and begin to feel for the scent, a second check becomes fatal, and the fox is irretrievably lost. Often enough, in being whipped up to their huntsman in this way, when crossing the line of the fox with their heads up, they first catch his wind, and then, as a matter of course, they must take the scent heelways, the fox as a rule running down the wind. This fatal piece of bungling—so injurious to hounds—is always entirely owing to the huntsman ; it is neither the fault of the whips nor the hounds ; it never can occur when the huntsman moves his hounds in his front with their noses down. In these two different systems lies the distinction between *being quick* and a *bad hurry*.

(2) When the fox was gone, in

place of galloping off after his fox without his hounds, blowing them away *down the wind* from such a distance, that half the hounds would not hear him, and he would only get a few leading hounds still further separated from the body ; Goodall would take a sharp hold of his horse's head, quick as lightning turn back in the opposite direction, get *up wind* of the *body* of his hounds, and *blowing them away* from the tail, *bring up the two ends together* giving every hound a *fair chance* to be away with the body.

It is impossible to over-estimate the mischief done to a pack of hounds by *unfairly* and *habitually* leaving a hound behind out of its place ; it is *teaching them to be rogues*. For this purpose Goodall had one particular note of his horn *never* used at any other time

except when his fox *was gone*, or his fox was in *his hand* : the hounds, learning the note, would leave a fox in covert to *fly* to it. Hounds are very sagacious animals ; they cannot bear being left behind, nor do they like struggling through thick covert ; but if that note is ever used *at any other time* the charm is gone, the hounds will not believe in it ; you cannot *lie* to them with *impunity*. This was Goodall's great secret for getting his hounds away all in a *lump* on the *back* of his *fox*, and hustling him before he had time to empty himself. This was his system for getting his hounds through *large woodlands*—to come tumbling out together without splitting, and sticking to their run fox. This is the explanation of the famous old Meynell saying, " In the *second field* they gathered themselves

together, in the third they commenced a *terrible burst*."

(3) Goodall's chief aim was to get the hearts of his hounds. He considered hounds should be treated like women—that they would not bear to be *bullied*, to be *deceived*, or *neglected* with impunity. For this end he would not meddle with them in their casts until they had done trying for themselves, and *felt the want of him* : he paid them the compliment of going to *fetch them* ; he never deceived or neglected them ; he was continually cheering and making much of his hounds ; if he was compelled to disappoint them by roughly stopping off a suckling vixen or dying fox at dark, you would see him, as soon as he had got them stopped, jump off his horse, get into the middle of his pack, and spend ten minutes in making friends

with them again. The result was that the hounds were never happy without him, and when lost would drive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him again, and it was very rare for a single hound to be left out.

It is impossible to over-rate the *mischief* done to a pack of hounds by leaving them out ; it teaches them every sort of *vice*, upsets their condition, besides *now* exposing them to be destroyed on the railway line. There is no more certain test of the capacity of a huntsman than the manner in which his hounds *fly* to him and *work* for him with a *will*.

Goodall, Old Musters, and Foljambe were undoubtedly the three master-minds of our day. Their general system of handling hounds was much the same, though each had his *peculiar excellence*, and each has often said



that if they lived to be a hundred they would *learn something every year*. All three agreed in this, that it was ruinous to a pack of hounds to meddle with them before they had done trying for themselves. The reasoning upon this most *material point* is *very simple*. If the hounds are habitually checked, and meddled with in their natural casts, they will learn to stand still at every difficulty, and wait for their huntsman; every *greasy wheat-field* will bring them to a *dead stop*, and however hard the huntsman may ride on their back, two or three minutes must be lost before he can help them out of their difficulty, whilst in woods he cannot ever know what they are about. (For *once* the huntsman can help them, *nineteen* times the hounds must help themselves.) It was Old Musters' remark, that for the

first *ten minutes* the hounds knew a great deal more than he did, but after they tried all they knew then he could form an opinion where the fox was gone, but not before.

Mr. Foljambe attached the *greatest importance* to getting his hounds away together. Before his hounds were a field away from a wood you might hear him *sing out*, "Want a hound," and his horn would be going at their tails until he *got him*, and when *got*, he would drop back and not care to go near them until they had been five or ten minutes at check. But if a single hound was wanting when a fox was killed, however great the run, he would harp upon it for a month.

Goodall combined, with his other excellencies in the field, condition and kennel management quite the best. Mr. Foljambe

was by far the best breeder of hounds, and had the keenest eye for a hound's work—nothing escaped him. Mr. Musters was the best hand at fairly hunting a fox to death, and could make a *middling lot* work like *first-rate* hounds.

Old Dick Burton was the best hand at breaking a pack of hounds from hares, and teaching them *to draw*, upon which so much depends. He always drew his woods *up the wind*, throwing his hounds in fifty or sixty yards from the wood, and allowing them to *spread*, so that every hound should be busy, with his head down, looking for his fox ; and had them in his front, making *noise enough* to cheer them and enable them to know where he was. And in *cubhunting* made the hounds find *their cub* for themselves, and would not have him hallooed at

*first* across the ride. (Nothing is truer than the old saying, "A fox *nicely found is half killed.*") He would trot through the *hollow covert* with his hounds behind him, and an occasional blow of his horn, to wake up any *chance* fox, and get his hounds in the thick covert, where they could not use their eyes, as quick as possible, and then give them as much time as they liked. Nothing is worse than hurrying hounds through strong covert, or forcing them to draw over again a covert when they are satisfied that there is not a fox in it. The blackthorn and gorse coverts he would always *draw down the wind*, keeping carefully behind his hounds ; by so doing, first, the hounds have their heads down, and never *chop* a fox—they do not see him. The fox hears them, and the wildest fox is off at once, and the cubs

learn to steal away after the hounds are gone. Second, it enabled him to get the body and tail hounds out of the covert without hunting the line of the fox through the strong gorse; brought the *two ends* together all away on the *back* of the *old fox*—the true secret of getting a *sharp burst*.

No man could turn out a high-mettled pack of hounds, and so *young a lot* steady from hares. In the year 1859, when the Hatton country was as full as Blankney with riot, we found in Hatton Wood, at a quarter before twelve and in the month of *February*, ran from fox to fox until half-past three, when all the second horses being beat and a fog rising up, I rode amongst the hounds, coming away from *Hatton Wood* the last time to see what I had got. To my astonishment I found my

pack consisted of 11 *couples of puppies* and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  of old hounds!! We had had an old dog kicked, and old "Darling" leading them, then five years old, and showing himself for the *first time*.

Old Dick's principle was to break his puppies by themselves. showing them all the riot he could in the summer, and drilling them severely, but never allowing a whip to FLOG THEM after they had escaped to his heels, or to flog them when coming out of a wood and cutting them off. After being well drilled, he would then take them amongst the cubs and smash up a litter of cubs, blood-ing them up to their eyes to make them forget their punishment, and to care for nothing but a fox. Hounds being unsteady for hares, when foxes ARE PLENTIFUL, is entirely the FAULT OF THE HANDLING. The highest praise

that can be given to a huntsman is for a fool to say, "We had a great run, and killed our fox; as for the huntsman, he might have BEEN IN BED." A huntsman's FIRST BOAST should be, that all his hounds required was to be taken to the covert side and taken home again. His greatest DISGRACE is (1) to leave his hounds squandered all over the country, and to leave them out; (2) to be unable to get them out of a wood; (3) not to know to a *yard* where he lost his fox—if properly managed the hounds will always *tell it to him*.

The causes that have produced the present unsteadiness in the hounds from hares :—

(1) In 1863, seventeen *virtually blank days*, that is, not finding a fox whilst there was light to kill him, and rarely a day with two or three foxes to bring the hounds

to their senses and work them down, left that season's puppies unbroken.

(2) In 1864 the terrible *mistake* was made of leaving the hounds at home through the cubhunting season, on account of the dryness of the ground. Regular hunting was commenced with the two-year-olds, worse than puppies entirely *undrilled* ; and short days were made.

(3) In breaking the hounds in 1865 they were completely ruined by being rated and flogged in coming out of covert to their huntsman, taught to turn back to the woods, and to remain there afraid to come out ; and, when left to themselves, hunting hares by hours together.

(4) Taking the fox's head away from the hounds. No practice can be more abominable or more Cockney. A puppy that has once



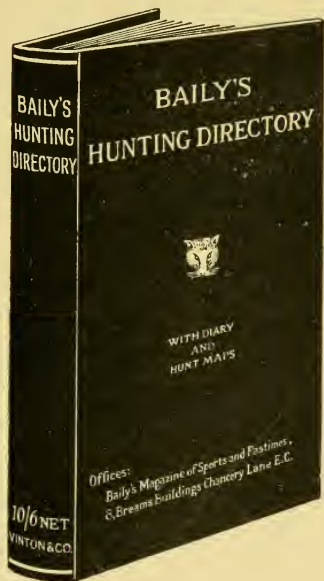
fought for the head and carried it home in triumph, trotting in front of the hounds, will NEVER LOOK AT A HARE AGAIN ; he is made from that day, and marks himself for a STALLION HOUND.

(5) Neither the first, second, nor third being to be depended upon, the steady old hounds never knew when to go to the cry, and at last joined the wild hounds when a large body had got together. To get them right it would be desirable to put together all the two-year-olds, and all determined hare-hunters, and such as "Saladin," &c., of the three-year-olds, and drill them by themselves, then take them into the Wragby Woodlands, where you are sure of a large litter ; work the cubs for four or five hours, and smash up three of them, having three or four lads to watch the cubs, so that as soon as they

have eaten one you may know where to go and clap them on another LEG-WEARY CUB. The next time their turn is to go out, take them to Blankney or Ashby, and smash up another litter in the middle of the hares. After being hunted three weeks by themselves, then to mix them together. It is essential that the steady, quick hounds should not be exposed to the annoyance of hearing the wild hounds rated and flogged; it disgusts them, and they will do nothing, merely following, NOT GUIDING, the pack.

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